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people would be pleased to learn.

# The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME VI.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, AUGUST 23, 1877.

NUMBER 34.

## A HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW.

The stirring sea of human life forever onward  
rolls,  
And bears to the eternal shore its daily freight  
of souls.  
Though bravely sails our bark to-day, pale Death  
sits at the prow,  
And few shall know we ever lived a hundred  
years from now.

O mighty human brotherhood! why fiercely war  
and strive,  
While God's great world has ample space for  
everything alive?  
Broad fields, uncultured and unplained, are wait-  
ing for the plow,  
Of progress that shall make them bloom a hun-  
dred years from now.

Why should we try so earnestly in life's short,  
narrow span,  
On golden stairs to climb so high above our  
brother man?  
Why blindly at an earthly shrine in slavish hom-  
age bow?  
Our gold will rust, ourselves be dust, a hundred  
years from now.

Why prize so much the world's applause? Why  
dread so much its blame?  
A fleeting echo is its voice of censure or of fame;  
The praise that thrills the heart, the scorn that  
dyes with shame the brow,  
Will be as long forgotten dreams a hundred  
years from now.

O patient heart, that meekly bears your weary  
load of wrong!  
O earnest heart, that bravely dare, and striving  
grow more strong!  
Press on till perfect peace is won; you'll never  
dream of how.  
You struggled o'er life's thorny road a hundred  
years from now.

Grand, lofty souls, who live and toil that freedom,  
right and truth  
Alone may rule the universe, for you are endless  
youth!  
When mid the blast, with God you rest, the  
grateful land shall bow  
Above your clay in reverent love a hundred years  
from now.

Earth's empires rise and fall. Time! like breakers  
on thy shore;  
They rush upon thy rocks of doom, go down and  
arise no more;  
The starry wilderness of worlds that gem night's  
radiant brow,  
Will light the skies for other eyes a hundred  
years from now.

Our future, to whose sleepless eyes the past and  
future stand  
An open page, like babes we cling to thy protect-  
ing hand;  
Change, sorrow, death are naught to us if we  
may safely bow  
Beneath the shadow of thy throne a hundred  
years from now.

MRS. MARY A. FORD.

## THE BABES OF THE PRAIRIE.

"Be quiet now, Willie, and you too,  
Mary. Sit down on your little stool  
and be just as still as mice. I've just  
got the baby asleep, and I want him  
to have a good long nap, for he isn't a  
bit well. There, take your primers  
and read your A B C's." And the  
mother took from the upper drawer of  
the bureau the carefully treasured  
books.

"But I am so tired of sitting still,"  
said the little boy. "Mayn't we go  
down ma? Say yes, do. We'll only  
go down to the barn. Say, ma, can't  
we go see the two little bossies?" and  
he gazed up pleadingly into her face.

Little Mary jumped up at the same  
moment, and tossing her primer on to  
the bed, joined in with a—"do—there's  
a good ma. 'Cause the bossies are so  
cunning, I do love to see them."  
"Yes, go a little while; but mind  
and be good children, and don't take  
down the bars so that the calves can  
get into the garden—do you hear?"  
They had been gone half an hour or  
so, when they came rushing into the  
cabin, exclaiming with one voice: "Ma,  
ma, mayn't we have our pails and go  
strawberrying? There's a whole lot  
of 'em right on the gopher mound,  
'tother side of the barn, and they're  
just as red and ripe as they can be.  
Do let us go and get them. There's  
enough for a nice short cake, and pa  
loves them so, and they'll taste so good  
to him when he comes home from the  
mill so tired."

The indulgent mother took down  
the little pails, and handing one to  
each, and bidding them be careful and  
not stain their clean aprons, watched  
them until their little dancing feet had  
carried them to the place they had  
mentioned.

"How glad they are," she said to  
herself, as she turned from the door,  
"and how proud they will be when  
they get their pails full." And she  
resumed her patching.

Tired she certainly was, and half  
sick, though she would hardly have  
owned that, and as she sat there now,  
plying her needle and thread, she was  
sensible of unusual fatigue, and in

spite of all her efforts, her patches sat  
awry, and her darning was uneven.  
There was a pleasant drowsiness in  
the soft hush of the golden summer  
afternoon, and after awhile she yielded  
to it involuntarily, and closed her eyes.  
Starting up ere she had hardly lost  
herself, she ran to the door. The two  
little ones sat side by side on the go-  
pher mound, and the echo of their  
cheery voices was the only sound that  
broke the intense quiet of the prairie.

"They are so busy, and the baby is  
so sound asleep, I believe I'll lie down  
a short time, for my back aches terri-  
bly and my head is just ready to split  
with pain. William says I ought to  
take a nap every day after dinner, but  
dear me, I wonder when the sewing  
and mending would get done if I did!"

As she spoke she drew a mosquito  
bar over the cradle, and turned down  
the neat patchwork quilt that covered  
the bed, dropped off her shoes and  
stretched her weary frame on the  
white sheets. The weary woman slept  
on, and did not wake, until the cry of  
the hungry babe in the cradle roused  
her up.

With a quick, nervous movement,  
she sprang from the bed and drawing  
the child to her bosom, ran to the door.  
Her first sorrow was that she should  
be belated with her supper, and the  
idea of her tired husband coming home  
and having to wait for his meal was  
not to be endured. With the baby's  
lips yet clinging to her bosom, she  
hurried to the stove and took off the  
griddles and raked out the ashes.  
Then putting the only half satisfied  
child in its cradle and giving it a crust  
of bread to bite on, she caught up her  
kindling basket and ran to the chip  
pile. She had filled it and loaded her  
arms with wood, when she suddenly  
remembered she had not seen or heard  
the children yet. She looked anxi-  
ously toward the strawberry bed. Their  
little figures were not visible. For a  
moment she was paralyzed with fear.  
Then she recovered herself, and say-  
ing: "They have got tired and gone to  
sleep in the barn, as they did Satur-  
day," she hurried back to the cabin  
and built her fire. Then drawing  
some fresh water she filled the kettle,  
ground the coffee and put the bacon  
on to fry.

"I shall hardly have time to make  
them their shortcake—poor things,  
they'll be disappointed, but I'll save the  
berries and make them one for break-  
fast." And giving a hasty but careful  
look to the stove to see that the fire  
was burning bright, she drew on her  
sun bonnet, and ran to the barn. No  
sleeping children were there. She  
looked in the calf pen. The two little  
red bossies were nestled close to the  
bars, looking out impatient for the  
mother cows, but no little boy and  
girl stood near them.

"Willie—Mary—my children!"  
The words were screamed out only  
as a frightened mother can scream.  
Echo answered her, and then the si-  
lence was unbroken. A stream bend-  
ed up in the prairie some distance  
further on, and beside it clustered a  
young growth of cotton-woods. It  
was her last hope, and she ran there.  
Mary's little sun bonnet lay on the  
bank stained with strawberry juice,  
but where rested the golden locks it  
had so often shaded?

The mother's lips shook as with  
spasms, her throat felt choked, her  
brain whirled, the color went out from  
her cheeks and the light from her eyes  
—she sank upon the grass feeling the  
weakness of death. It was dark be-  
fore she revived enough to realize fully  
her whereabouts; and it was only af-  
ter many struggles that she at last  
arose and moved toward home.

The baby was screaming in its fa-  
ther's arms, and he, poor weary man,  
as he now paced the floor with the lit-  
tle wrestling child, and then stood  
with it in the doorway, trying to peer  
out into the gathering shadows, won-  
dering and wondering again where the  
wife could have gone.

Something moved in the path be-  
tween him and the barn. It came  
nearer—it assumed shape—it made  
light footsteps—it was her, his Mary.  
"What has happened, mother? What  
ails you? Where are the children?"  
Speak, Mary, for Heaven's sake, and

tell me what has happened."

A sob, a groan, and the falling of  
her body on the floor was his only  
answers.

"Willie—Mary—my children—lost  
on the wild prairie!"

In broken accents the words strug-  
gled from her lips as life returned to  
her. Then, as her heart once more  
bounded with strong, though uneven  
pulses, she roused herself, caught her  
husband by the arm, and told him in  
brief, terse sentences the sad story of  
the children's wanderings.

"Leave me; I am weak, sick; but I  
shall live—live till I see them, or"—  
she shuddered and rung her hands  
passionately for a moment. Then as-  
suming calmness, she said, firmly:  
"Take the colt, William, and the lan-  
tern, and the cow bells and your gun.

Go straight down the creek and  
raise all about there, making all the  
noise you can. Then, if you get no  
trace, ride over to Nick's cabin and  
rouse them, and get their old hound  
—he was a great pet with the"—she  
could only sob the word—"children.  
Take Mary's"—another sob—"bonnet,  
and William, William, bring them back  
to me!"

A single kiss was left on her white  
lips, and the anxious father left her  
and springing on to his half broken  
colt, he started. The prairie echoed  
to the reverberations of his gun, to the  
tinkle of the bells, to the echoes of his  
voice, but no answering sound came  
up out of the still, grassy depths.  
Again and again he made the circuit  
of the small clump of cotton-woods,  
and then sadly he turned away, and  
spurring his horse into a wild gallop,  
he started for the nearest cabin. The  
four miles were soon passed, and the  
sympathizing neighbors aroused to aid  
his search.

"Call the dog, Tom," said the father,  
as he lifted his wife on the horse, and  
then sprang into the saddle.

"I have, father, but I can't find him.  
Was he here at supper, mother?"

"I don't mind, child. I set down  
his pan of bones, but I had a heap of  
chores to do, and I didn't mind wheth-  
er he came up or not. Run to the shed  
and see, child."

"The bones ain't been touched—  
where can he be?"

"Well, we must wait for him. But  
Tom, when he does come, you show  
him the bonnet, it will start him."

And giving the word to his horse, he  
followed the heart broken father.  
"Leave me here," said good Mrs.  
Bonnett, as they halted at the creek.  
"I can find my way to the cabin if it  
is dark, and I'll take good care of her,  
too. I'll get her to take some of that  
cordial stuff my old doctor in Indiana  
used to make up for folks what was  
nervous, and if I can once get her to  
sleep I'll keep her so." And with fleet  
steps she hastened to the lonely home.

But it was only after much coaxing  
that the mother was prevailed upon to  
swallow the cordial and lie down,  
and then it was more to gratify her  
neighbor than from any faith in the  
virtues of the medicine. But the re-  
sult proved that it had not been ex-  
tended too highly, for her limbs soon  
ceased their convulsions and her lips  
their low, sad moanings, and ere the  
clock struck twelve, she lay in a sound  
sweet sleep.

"Lucky I thought to bring it along,"  
said Mrs. Bonnett, lifting her head as  
soon as the measured breathing of the  
mother assured her she had forgotten  
her troubles. "Poor thing!" And she  
bent compassionately over her and  
smoothed back her disordered hair,  
"my heart aches for you."

"I'll fix the fire all ready to light  
and spread the table, so that I can get  
supper ready in a few minutes when  
they come, for they'll be dreadfully  
tired, and as to poor Grey, I don't be-  
lieve he has a mouthful since morn-  
ing."

"It's a pretty night, so still and cool  
like, but I wish it was brighter. If it  
was only the full of the moon and the  
sky clear, they might come on them,  
that's their only chance. They'll never  
waken them to night with all their  
bells and horns and shouts. Children  
sleep so sound when they're tired.  
Dear me—but it's awful to think of.  
If a stray wolf should happen to catch  
them, or a rattlesnake or a blue racer

bite them, or if they should have to  
starve. Bless me, but it would near  
kill her! And they were such pretty  
children—so loving always—but what's  
that!"

She listened eagerly. Then exclaim-  
ing joyfully: "They're coming—I'll  
hurry and get them something to eat,"  
she ran in and kindled the fire, and ere  
the horses had fairly reached the door,  
had a smoking hot supper ready for  
the table.

With outstretched hands she waited  
at the door. Alas there were no little  
children to be received!

"We were becoming worn out," said  
Nick to his wife, "and I told him we'd  
better come home and get a bite and  
rest till daybreak, for he's been on the  
go since morning, and without eating,  
and may be Tom would come with the  
hound by that time, and we'd have  
more of a chance to find them. Pour  
him out some coffee, wife. Sit down,  
Grey, and eat a bit of something; don't  
shake your head; I know how it'll  
choke, but think of her." And he  
pointed to the bed.

It seemed to the anxious watchers as  
if day would never dawn, and with the  
first ray of light they mounted their  
horses. They had just moved off, and  
Mrs. Bonnett was putting up the bars  
for them, when her husband put his  
hand to his ear, with the exclamation  
—"Hark!"

"By Jehosaphat! but that's Bruno!  
Yes," as he raised himself in the sad-  
dle, "It's him and no mistake, and now  
we stand a chance to find 'em. Let's  
wait a minute. Bless my old soul!  
but what has he got in his mouth? A  
—a—yes, as sure as I'm alive it's a hat  
—a little straw hat?"

"Willie's hat!" And the father leaped  
to the ground, tears streaming down  
his cheeks. "Where's the boy, Bruno?"  
He asked the question as passion-  
ately as though addressing a human  
being. The creature seemed to read  
his feelings, for giving him a wistful  
look and wagging his tail he darted  
back.

"Follow him, Bill, he knows," cried  
Nick. And they started on a gallop.  
Mile after mile the dog led them on,  
pausing not till he came to the "divide."  
Then he struck off, made the circuit  
of a slough, and halted beside a go-  
pher mound on which grew a luxuriant  
clump of hazels. Half blind, dizzy in  
brain, and with his heart bursting, the  
father sprang from his saddle. One  
look—only one he gave, and then fell  
fainting to the ground, the joy—the  
sudden, delirious joy being almost as  
hard for his stricken soul to bear as  
would have been a mighty sorrow.  
There they lay, their little white arms  
twined about each other, their dimpled  
cheeks pressed close together, sound  
asleep—the dear little babes of the  
prairie.

## SLOW BUT SURE.

The "slow fighter" was a tall, raw-  
boned specimen of the Pike county  
breed, and when he arrived in the  
mining camp the boys began to have  
fun with him—to "mill him," as they  
called it in the parlance of the mines.  
He stood it for a long time with per-  
fect equanimity, until finally one of  
the party dared him out doors to fight.

He went. When they got all ready  
and squared off, Pike county stretched  
out his long neck and presented the  
tip of his big nose temptingly to his  
tormentor: "I'm a little slow," he  
said, "and can't fight unless I'm well  
riled; just paste me one—a good 'un  
—right on the end of that snout!"

His request was complied with.  
"That was a good 'un," he said  
calmly, "but I don't feel quite riled  
yet,"—turning the side of his head t

## CHINA'S FIRST TELEGRAPH LINE.

SHANGHAI, July 17.—The first tele-  
graph line in China is now in opera-  
tion. It is six miles in length, and  
has been erected by Li Hung Chang,  
Viceroy of Chili, from his official resi-  
dence to the Tientsin arsenal. There  
has been no attempt at interference  
by the native populace, as in the case  
of telegraphs projected by foreigners.  
Several lines are contemplated in For-  
mosa by the Governor of that island.

## DEATH OF AN IMPOSTOR.

The Arcostook, Me., Pioneer in no-  
ticing the death of W. Delevan, a deaf-  
mute in San Francisco, states that the  
man was a first class fraud, being  
neither deaf nor dumb, but represent-  
ing himself to be such. In 1858 he  
was at Presque Isle, as a "mute artist,"  
representing that he was sketching  
scenery for a panorama of Arcostook.  
He was made much of, and was ad-  
mitted to every house as a welcome  
guest, and consequently became the  
possessor of many family secrets. He  
finally ran off with a blacksmith's  
daughter, to whom he had revealed that  
he was an impostor, but the en-  
raged father overtook them and they  
went back. They were finally married,  
however, and he subsequently desert-  
ed his wife and ran away with another  
woman. He afterward turned up in  
the Lake Superior copper mines as a  
deaf-mute government detective.

His adversary—"please chug me another  
lively one under the ear!"

The adversary again complied  
whereupon Pike county, remarking  
that he was "not quite riled as he  
would like to be, but would do the  
best he could," sailed into the crowd,  
and for the next ten days the "boys"  
were engaged in mending broken  
jaws, repairing damaged eyes and  
tenderly resurrecting smashed noses.

## PROF. MORRIS'S DEATH.

THE LONG AND USEFUL LIFE OF AN ACCOM-  
PLISHED DESCENDANT OF ROBERT MORRIS.

Prof. Oran W. Morris, Librarian of  
the Cooper Union, died on Thursday  
evening at the residence of his son, Dr.  
Morcan Morris, in East Fifty-second  
street. He was eighty years old. He  
had an eventful career. He was born  
in Ames, Montross, Maine, in the  
State, and soon after reaching his  
majority he was made the Principal of  
the Central Deaf and Dumb Asylum,  
near Albany. He moved to this city  
in 1832, and from that time until 1869  
was a professor in the New York Deaf  
and Dumb Asylum, excepting two  
years that he spent in Tennessee.  
He resigned from the institution to  
take the position of Librarian of the  
Cooper Union, tendered to him by  
Peter Cooper. Prof. Morris was the  
first to teach deaf-mutes labial expres-  
sion, or the language of the lips, in  
order that they might converse with  
each other, and understand from the  
movements of the mouth what others  
were saying. His method was an in-  
novation on the old system of con-  
versing by finger motions, and met with  
great opposition in the beginning.  
His theory was that persons who had  
become dumb could be taught to speak  
again by imitating the motions of the  
lips in talking. His first pupil was  
William Howell, nephew of Gen. Wade  
Hampton, Governor of South Caro-  
lina. Mr. Howell was deaf, but had  
the use of speech, and under Prof.  
Morris's tuition he was enabled to  
converse and understand what persons  
were saying to him. He grew so  
proficient in reading the motions of  
the lips that few suspected him to be  
deaf.

Prof. Morris was the meteorological  
recorder in this city for the Smith-  
sonian Institute from the time of its  
formation. He kept a daily record of  
the weather, extending back fifty years,  
the oldest meteorological record in the  
country.

The venerable Professor was a de-  
scendant of Robert Morris, signer of  
the Declaration of Independence. He  
was a member of the Historical So-  
ciety, the Lyceum of Natural History,  
the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and  
the Geographical Society, and he fre-  
quently lectured and wrote on scien-  
tific subjects. He gave largely to  
charity.—N. Y. Sun, Aug. 11, 1877.

## SOMETHING FOR HIS MONEY.

[From the Philadelphia Bulletin.]

A grocer being solicited to contrib-  
ute to the building of a church,  
promptly subscribed his name to the  
paper in the following eccentric man-  
ner: "John Jones (the only place in  
town where you can get eleven pounds  
of sugar for a dollar,) twenty-five  
cents."

## TALK ABOUT FOLKS.

Theodore Tilton is in Ireland.  
Edward S. Stokes, the slayer of  
James Fisk, is visiting Cape May for  
the first time since 1865.

The old home of Martha Washing-  
ton, in Fredricksburg, Va., was recent-  
ly sold for \$1,225.

Monlton being embarrassed in busi-  
ness, Tilton has offered to lend him  
several thousand dollars for an indefi-  
nite period, without security.

James Lenox, of New York, is said  
to have given away more money in  
charity than George Peabody, and to  
have made no noise about it.

Queen Victoria is making a collec-  
tion of oil portraits of statesmen and  
distinguished parliamentarians of her  
reign.

The Mayor of Philadelphia has re-  
ceived a yard of silk containing the  
thanks of the Emperor of Japan for  
the courtesies of the Centennial Com-  
mission.

It is reported that Clara Louise  
Kellogg will devote the profits of the  
coming California engagement to  
funding a musical college for Ameri-  
can women.

Secretary Schurz denies the state-  
ment that W. H. Kemple of Pennsylv-  
ania paid him for repeating the same  
speech three times in the campaign of  
that State.

"I am busy plowing, and cannot  
entertain company," was the substance  
of a note sent by a Michigan belle in  
reply to an intimation that a gentle-  
man desired to see her.

When Gov. Young of Ohio, was  
urged to call for United States troops  
he replied: "I will never call for  
United States troops until every man  
in Ohio has been whipped."

W. H. West, the republican candi-  
date for Governor of Ohio, is said to  
somewhat resemble Mr. Lincoln in ap-  
pearance, being a tall, angular and  
unhandsome outgrowth of the West.

Oakey Hall is reported to be en-  
gaged as a war correspondent in the  
East. This may account for the fam-  
ous victories that are gained by both  
sides every week.

General Grant made a brief, but  
beautiful speech when he arrived at  
Ostend. He answered the complimen-  
ts of the burgomaster with these  
words: "I am obliged for your senti-  
ments."

Mr. Tilden is avoiding social dis-  
plays in London. Tuesday he break-  
fasted with Cyrus W. Field. In the  
evening he dined at the American em-  
bassy. He will visit Ireland and Par-  
is and return to America in October.

"She is a perfect Amazon," said a  
pupil in one of our schools. "I  
teacher, yesterday, to a companion.  
"Yes," said the other, who was better  
versed in Geography than in history.  
"I noticed that she had an awful big  
mouth."

Robert I. Roberson of Portland  
owns an old diploma issued to his  
grandfather, Thomas, in 1867 by Un-  
ion Lodge of Masons in Detroit,  
Michigan. He also owns a beautiful  
gold Masonic jewel which came from  
the same source.

Probably the youngest railroad di-  
rectors in the United States are James  
Blair Preston, aged twelve, and Willi-  
am H. Blair, aged ten years, who are  
directors of the Paulinskill Valley  
railroad. They are grandsons of Mr.  
John I. Blair, who owns the road.

Miss Annie Louise Carey has given  
Mayor Smith of Auburn, the contract  
for cutting a \$2,400 monument to  
place in the family cemetery lot at  
Durham. The monument is to be cut  
in white Hallowell granite, and pol-  
ished. It will be a very beautiful  
memorial.

Some amusement was caused not  
long ago, in an English court by a  
female witness, who, on oath being  
administered, repeatedly kissed the  
clerk instead of the book. It was  
some time before she was made to  
understand the proper—or at least,  
the legal thing to do.

Ahmed Muktar Pasha is idolized  
by his troops "according to a corres-  
pondent of the London Standard, be-  
cause he wears a soldier's coat of the  
coarsest material and without orna-  
mentation of any sort, never eats  
meat during the campaign and never  
touches a glass of wine or any other  
alcoholic drink; he even denies him-  
self the luxury of smoking."

## THE PYRAMIDS.

The immense stones used in the  
erection of the pyramids of Egypt,  
were obtained from the quarries in  
the Arabian hills, and were carried to  
the river and over a bridge of boats.  
They were then brought by means of  
a causeway, which of itself took ten  
years to construct, and which is said  
to have been a fine work, with its pol-  
ished stones and figures of animals  
engraved upon them. One hundred  
thousand men were employed at a  
time, and these were relieved by the  
same number at the end of three  
months. A longer time was spent in  
leveling the rock on which the edifice  
stands, and twenty years for the erec-  
tion of the edifice itself. The stones  
were raised step by step, by means of  
a machine made of short pieces of  
wood; and, last of all, commencing  
from the top, the stones were cement-  
ed together by layers



## DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor,  
Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.  
PORT LEWIS KELLEY,  
Rome, Oneida Co., N. Y., Associate Editor.  
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677 Euclid St., Cleveland O., Editor.  
REV. HENRY WINTER SYLVE, Foreign Editor,  
U. S. Mint, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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Rates of advertising made known upon application.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, AUG. 23, 1877.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

### "LIVE AND LET LIVE."

An old adage but full of meaning, is the above, and as applicable to the deaf and dumb as to others. Interpreted according to the usual acceptance, it means that in our struggles to earn a maintenance, or in our pursuit of wealth, we should not let greed so control our actions as to, in any manner, debar others from the same privilege of gaining a livelihood. God save us from the stigma of reproach, which attaches to the man or woman whose motto is "every one for himself and the devil for all." We should not be like the hypocrite, who for a pretense makes long prayers and devours "widows' houses."

We should remember that we are not placed on this earth for the sole purpose of keeping what we've got and getting all we can. While we emulate the virtues of the great and noble, let us not adopt the too-common practice, inculcated by the rather homely but too significant phrase, "great I and little you" which involves so much of selfishness that he or she who adopts it as a guide, is so steeped in it that the way to heaven, though a foot, can not fail to detect the true character in spite of the flimsy veil, afforded by virtue of pretension or position. The golden rule, "whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so unto them," involves principles of moral justice and honor, to which the unscrupulous and over-grasping are entire strangers.

Christ said, on earth, "The poor ye have with you always," but He did not, in all His doctrines, by precept or example, inculcate in His hearers the modern or ancient style of so manipulating business transactions as to make the rich, richer, and the poor, poorer. It is true that God made the rich as well as the poor, and the same spirit of Christianity, which would say to us, envy not the rich, would also teach us to despise not the poor. All worthy zeal for properly providing for ourselves and those dependent on us, is honorable and should be heartily commended, but we should not allow greed, and self-interest to so control us as to ignore all charity and sympathy for others. We should not, in our over-anxiety for "driving good bargains," forget that others must live, as well as ourselves.

A purely selfish person is surely an object of both pity and contempt, and we truly believe that the possessors of such unjustifiable self-interest would, many of them, if they would confess the truth, admit that they hate themselves. Comparatively few may be found, who would be willing to be so self-sacrificing as to often give to another "the largest half," but we should take care that, while claiming to give, even the smallest, we do not reserve the whole. Our dealings with others should be characterized by principles of brotherly love. In figuring for our own interests, we should also remember the needs of, and have proper consideration for the just rights of others. Neither moral law nor Christian principles teach us to be regardless of the welfare of others.

To "live and let live," accords the right and embraces the principle of fair and honorable dealing, and has not the significance which, with much truthfulness, may often be ascribed to it when pleaded as a business advertisement, and which if properly interpreted, too often means, "I am going to live as well as I can, and let other people have what little, if any thing, there is left." Actions, and not

words, are what give weight to character, and, if we deal fairly and squarely with all, there will be no necessity of parading good pretensions, before the world, to be first admired by deluded victims, and then have the hollow mockery stripped of its falsity.

### CHURCH SERVICE FOR DEAF-MUTES.

A service for the deaf-mutes of Boston and vicinity, will be conducted in St. Paul's Church (instead of the chapel) on Sunday, the 26th inst., at 3 p. m., by Rev. Dr. Galland.

Dr. Galland will be glad to meet the deaf-mute of Cambridgeport in St. Peter's Church at 9 a. m., on Sunday, the 26th inst.

### DEAF MUTES.

Deaf-mutes attending the Elmira Convention, are hereby notified, that the Pennsylvania House has made a reduction, and will furnish them board and lodging for \$1.00 per day. The Pennsylvania is a good hotel.

### WANTED.

A situation as teacher, in any Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, by W. N. Sparrow, a deaf-mute, of Eastham, Mass. Is a graduate of the National College for Deaf-mutes, Washington, D. C. References—Prof. E. M. Galland, Washington, D. C., E. C. Stone, Hartford, Ct.

### Philadelphia Notices.

Weekly services will (D. V.) be resumed at St. Stephen's Church, Philadelphia, beginning September 2nd, at 8:30 p. m. The Clerical Literary Association is expected to hold its first meeting on Sept. 13th, and the Ephrathai Guild, Sept. 20th, both at 8 p. m.

### Services in Baltimore.

On Sunday, August 26th, services will be held, (God willing) by Rev. H. W. Syle in Grace Church, corner of Park and W. Monument Sts., Baltimore. All deaf-mute communicants are affectionately and earnestly invited to come and partake of the Holy Communion, at 7:30 a. m. There will be Evening Prayer at 3 p. m. in the chapel in the rear of the church.

### Dangerously Injured.

A man named Premo, of this village, while cutting butter tub heading at Gustin's Manufactory, last Saturday, was struck in the abdomen by a piece of heading, thrown violently by the buzz saw, and dangerously injured. He is reported to be in a very precarious condition. Dr. G. P. Johnson is doing everything possible for the sufferer.

### SENSIBILITIES.

"Whether upon the scaffold high,  
Or in the battle's van,  
The noblest place for man to die,  
Is where he dies for man."

A man's temper is most valuable to himself, and he should keep it.

Frowns, blight young children as frosty nights blight young plants.

You can preach better sermons with your life than with your lips.

Religion converts despair which destroys, into resignation, which subdues.

It is only those that have done nothing who fancy they can do everything.

Calumny, although raised upon nothing, is too swift to be overtaken, and too volatile to be impeded.

We feel the neglect of others toward ourselves, but we do not even suspect our neglect of them.

Dissipation is a swift and sure destroyer, and every young man who follows it, as the early flower, exposed to untimely frost.

The great elementary principles of every healthy community, as well as of individuals, are pure air, perfect cleanliness, and well-cooked food.

There never did, and there never will exist anything permanently noble and excellent in the character which is a stranger to the existence of a resolute self-denial.

A Persian philosopher being asked by what method he had acquired so much knowledge, answered, "By not allowing shame to prevent me from asking questions when I was ignorant."

So scanty is our present allowance of happiness, that in many situations life could scarcely be supported if hope were not allowed to relieve the present hour by pleasures borrowed from the future.—[Johnson.]

There is not a single dispensation of providence which, if properly viewed, will not afford an excellent lesson. Never repine at the good fortune of others; for many are they who wish to be raised to your situation.—Persian Poet.

Singing hearts are ever a blessing unto themselves. A song is a joy giving. He who can sing sweetly in the undertone of his inner nature carries a rare pleasure with him always. Hard things appear to him easy; heavy burdens seem light; sorrow may knock often at his own door, but it seldom enters his home or his heart. And when it does, and the clouds obscure the sunlight—when the soul walks down into the night and sees never a star—ah, then, trebly blessed is the singing heart! If it can sing psalm at such a time the stars will shine. Dawn will quicker come, the sunlight sooner appear.

### The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Itemizer*.

### PREPARE for the Elmira Convention.

You will no doubt have a good time there.

AUGUSTA, Me., has between fifteen and twenty deaf-mutes.

Miss Ellen L. Barton is Principal of the Maine Deaf-mute School.

CHAS. A. Smith, of Troy, contemplates attending the Convention at Elmira.

Miss Satic C. Howard, of New York, has just returned from the Catskill mountains, where she has been rusticated for two weeks.

The editor of the JOURNAL will leave home Monday evening, the 27th, for the Elmira Convention and will publish a full account of it.

By request of Rev. Dr. Galland, the collection taken at Grace Church in this village, next Sunday, will be appropriated to the treasury of the Church Mission to Deaf-mutes.

We understand that Jacob E. Tuttle, of Peconia, Ill., is going to Evanston, to buy a new house and lot this year. He will sell his place in Peconia which is worth \$10,000.

The *Christian Illustrated Weekly* says that deaf-mutes are called to order in their schools by the tap of drums which they may they do not hear, but feel in the pit of the stomach.

Mrs. Alma Dougherty, wife of Mr. John Dougherty, of Watkins, N. Y., has been very ill for about seven months. She has a very hard cough. We hope to hear of her speedy recovery.

Mr. Timothy D. Townsend, of Ohio, visited Watkins last Thursday. He was the guest of Mr. John Dougherty. We guess he was much pleased to have taken this opportunity to visit the Glen.

JOHN A. LARRABEE, of Bangor, Me., and Miss Annie B. Seiler, daughter of the late John Seiler of Augusta, Me., were united in marriage two years ago last Christmas and are now happy keeping house.

Mr. Russell Smith, of Watkins, N. Y., says, he hopes that we will have a pleasant and very enjoyable time visiting the Glen. He advises those who visit the Glen, to try the pleasures of the Glen and Lake scenery.

Our well-known and highly-respected friend "Uncle Thomas Brown" of West Herkimer, N. H., says, he would like to be at the Elmira Convention, hopes it will prove a success, and sends his kind regards to all his friends present.

On the 24th inst., the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL appeared in an entire new dress. It contains more reading matter than any other paper of the kind published. Its enterprising proprietor (H. C. Rider, Esq.) may well be proud of it, and it deserves the countenance and support of every deaf-mute in the land.—*Mexico Independent*.

The New Yorkers were very glad to have Miss E. D. Clapp, of Brooklyn, and her brother attend the service at Park Chapel, by Mr. John Bennett, on the 8th of July last. About sixteen deaf-mutes were present. Miss Clapp was on her way to visit her brother in Orange, N. J. She is a very intelligent lady and is much liked by the New Yorkers.

Mr. Isaac Love, a deaf-mute farmer, of Greenfield, N. H., and uncle of Jacob E. Tuttle, of Peconia, Ill., died a few weeks ago. He suffered much from a cancer and rheumatism and was 104 years old. He never attended a mute school, but was a self-educated man. He left a wife and children with property worth about \$40,000.

REV. A. W. MANN, of Cleveland, Ohio, and a missionary to deaf-mutes, will hold service in the sign language in Gethsemane church, corner of Seventh Avenue South and Fifth street, this evening at 7:45 o'clock. All deaf-mutes and their friends are cordially invited to be present at the service. Rev. Mr. Mann is associated with the Rev. Dr. Galland, of New York, in the work in behalf of the deaf-mutes of America.—*Minneapolis (Minn.) Tribune*, Aug. 15, 1877.

TAKE your deaf-mute papers. Do the city papers say anything about the deaf-mutes? Not much. Do they contain notices of any matters of interest which you would like to have them insert in their papers without pay? Not an item. Do they ever say a word calculated to draw attention to aid in your progress and enterprise? Not a line. If you do not take deaf-mute papers you will never have items printed in any city or country papers without pay. It regards us of a man who took the largest pair of boots in the box, because the price was the same as that of the pair, much smaller, which fitted him.

YESTERDAY Miss LEONORA C. GRAY and her mother Mrs. E. M. Gray, M. D., enjoyed a day's visit from their friends, Mr. and Mrs. George Taylor, both deaf-mutes. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor formerly resided in Attles, N. Y. He was carrying on the jewelry business there, and needing a change of air on account of ill-health, he sold out and went West. Returning they have taken up their abode at Alden, N. Y., and are snugly ensconced in the cottage home of Mrs. Perry, Mrs. Taylor's mother, where the sign of the big clock tells of the workman within, who is ever ready to put in good working order all dilapidated time pieces, etc. Of their visit at the Mineral Springs Mrs. Gray says:

Russell Smith, of Watkins, N. Y., and formerly a pupil in the New York Institution, speaking of Prof. Johnson's fast reader, says: "Last year I drove a yoke of oxen and a lumber wagon, from North Hector, some ten miles from Watkins, in fifteen minutes. Notwithstanding the road was very crooked and rough, (rather hilly) they were certainly under the best time on record—four minutes per mile. Where is any team that could equal them on a rough road? Of course they dashed rather than trotted, making me feel very happy—happy to ride on a hard seat. The yoke could have made sixty miles in one hour and thirty-five minutes—which beats the Professor's reader. I should have some congratulations from him."

"As we are visiting the Franklin Mineral Springs at Cowlesville we paid our respects in person, inviting them to our hotel, which invitation was cheerfully accepted and an enjoyable time it was for all hands round. So after enjoying a good square meal, at the dinner table, we all, an hour or two after, regaled ourselves with peaches, drinking at intervals of the Mineral water which makes Cowlesville a little Bethesda Pool. Mrs. Taylor has cause to be proud of her own dear mother, Mrs. Perry of Alden, who is no less than the author of those beautiful words "Rock me to sleep mother." Mrs. Perry composed the first two verses many long years since under very peculiar circumstances. But another year after, by some management appropriated those verses, mutilated them some and added more. Yet there can be no question as to the two first verses' authorship, and a mild that breathes out such touching words, a daughter may well be proud of. May the mother's mantle after she has cast it aside, fall on her own dear daughter. Mrs. and Mrs. Taylor anticipate attending the Elmira Convention in company with Miss L. C. Gray and Mrs. Gray. What hearty hand-shaking all will enjoy, so many dear friends to greet, so many sparkling eyes to meet."

### Local Paragraphs.

Very warm and dusty.

The thermometer stood at 92° above zero, in the shade, yesterday.

A Base Ball Tournament will be held at Parish, N. Y., about the first of next month.

Kittie Jones, of Pulaski, a niece of Mrs. George Prune, is visiting her friends in this village.

Empire Hotel, of this village, will be sold at public auction, on Saturday, the 25th inst.

We understand that Alec Myers will commence buying potatoes, and fill a car this week for Philadelphia.

Albert Whitney of Cleveland, N. Y., is visiting his parents and friends in this village for a few days.

Fourteen residents of our village registered their names with our last Thursday as subscribers to our paper.

We received a short but very pleasant call last Monday from L. J. Conlan, Esq. and P. Costello, of Camden, N. Y.

Our Boot and Shoe dealers are selling goods so low, that the most economical can no longer afford to go bare-foot.

A large party of ladies and gentlemen, from this village and surrounding vicinity, left home yesterday p. m. for Thousand Islands.

The first installment of peaches for our market, was received and put on sale last week by Alec Myers. They came from Philadelphia, Pa.

The members of "Co. I" have signed the pay-roll, and they don't care how quick they get their pay for turning out to help suppress the recent riots.

Black-berries are not very abundant, at eight cents a quart this season, and sellers say, and we presume with truthfulness, that the crop is not large.

Bert Treadwell is occupying the position of Clerk at Rutison's. His predecessor, Eleazer Rulison, resigned the clerkship in favor of teaching and the study of medicine.

Mrs. C. B. Chapman, with her two boys, formerly of this place but now living at Phoenix, N. Y., is visiting her mother, Mrs. Alvro Alfred, and other friends in this village and vicinity.

John Jones whose foot was injured by a thrashing machine a few days ago is suffering much pain but doing as well as could be expected and it is hoped he will be able to be out in a few days.

It is a somewhat peculiar circumstance, for a place with the reputed enterprise and convenience of this place that, yesterday, there was not to be found a barrel of common coarse salt in the village.

The Oswego District Camp-meeting, at Dempster grove, will begin next Wednesday, August 29th, and continue eight days. Many of our citizens are preparing to attend. A general good time is expected.

Prof. Havens, Principal of the Mexico Academy, has returned from his home, Shelter Island, where he has been spending several weeks of his vacation. The fall term of the Academy opens Aug. 28th.

The time table of the Oswego and Rome R. R. is changed so often that it is unnecessary to consult your watch. Go to the depot any time you choose and if the train has gone another is likely to come at any unexpected moment.

Mrs. Stella Atwood, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rodman Vaughn, of the Stone Quarry, left on Monday morning the 18th inst., to join her husband, Mr. Fred Atwood, who went to Kansas last winter, where they will make their future home.

A few of those long-wished-for showers, for which all had hoped and the earth was sighing, after all signs had failed, dropped most beautifully down upon us last week and were more than gladly welcomed by every man, woman and child of this dusky community.

Farmers in this vicinity report the crops as being good this year, with the exception of the apple crop, which is light. Hay was a good crop and of fine quality, corn is good, potatoes are an average crop notwithstanding the bugs, and oats were unusually heavy.

It is generally conceded that business is reviving. With our first importation of Watermelons, came a peremptory order for thirteen hundred cases of Summer Complaint and Cholera Morbus. The lovers of the beautiful red-cored melt-in-your-mouth fruit very much doubt the genuineness of the order.

Rev. W. F. Hemingway, pastor of the M. E. Church of this village, delivered one of his very forcible and interesting sermons last Sunday evening. His subject was "A man man." The house was well filled and the discourse, which was to the point and characteristic of his ability to do it justice, was listened to with marked attention by an appreciative audience.

A party of ladies and gentlemen went from this place a few days ago, down to Mexico Point, to enjoy camping. About eleven o'clock last Monday evening, some members of the Holy Band, accompanied by a few friends rode down and made them a call. Finding them all locked in the fast embrace of morpheus, the band struck up a lively air, which made the sleepers think the day of Jubilee had come. Then followed refreshments, (roasted corn), boating and a general good time.

The Mexico Helicon Band has been engaged to furnish music during the last two days of our County Fair.

We learn that our carriage makers are getting up some fine specimens of their work, to be exhibited at the County Fair.

Ex-Judge M. H. Webb, of Hillsdale, Mich., and a former resident of this town, and his wife, are visiting their numerous friends in this locality.

Rev. James Skinner, of Syracuse, N. Y., occupied the pulpit of the Presbyterian Church of this village, both morning and evening last Sabbath. His sermons were deep and interesting.

Last Sunday the congregation of the Presbyterian Church, in this village, decided, by a unanimous vote, to call to their pastorate the Rev. J. Q. Adams of Rochester, N. Y. Mr. Adams is expected before next Sunday.

### BASE BALL.

The Ontarios of this village, received a challenge from the Sunsets, of Union Square, to play a matched game of Base Ball, which was accepted. Last Thursday, the 16th day named the two clubs met per arrangement on the Sunset's grounds in Union Square, which the Ontarios declare to be the best "Diamond" they have played on this season. The weather was favorable, both clubs in good spirits, and with the most friendly feelings, the game opened and progressed in a manner satisfactory to all, to the seventh inning, when O'Brien, the Sunsets' catcher, declined to submit to a decision of the Umpire, when the game was called. The following is the score:

ONTARIOS.	SUNSETS.
Barker H. .... 0	Hutchins ..... 2
Rider ..... 3	Trowbridge ..... 2
McKay ..... 1	Gray ..... 1
Webb ..... 2	O'Brien ..... 1
Dieder ..... 3	Vaughn ..... 3
Tully ..... 1	Misery ..... 1
Newell ..... 2	David ..... 1
Ames ..... 2	Hanley ..... 2
Saladin ..... 2	Mathews ..... 0
Total ..... 16	Total ..... 10
Base Hits ..... 11	Base Hits ..... 4
Fielding Errors ..... 1	Fielding Errors ..... 4
Earned Runs ..... 6	Earned Runs ..... 4
Umpire—Chas. Deeb.	
Time—2 1/2 hours.	

The Umpire declared the game 9 to 0 in favor of the Ontarios. Harmonious feelings prevailed throughout the play and at its close all partook of a sumptuous supper furnished by the Sunsets, at Davis's hotel. When we speak of one of "Jack's" sumptuous suppers, it means something more than "cold hash."

### THE "ONTARIOS" STILL AHEAD.

The Ontarios of this village played another matched game at Union Square on Tuesday last, on a challenge from the H. D. Ns. of Parish. The game commenced with the "H. D. Ns. at the bat. The game was very warmly contested, the score, at the end of the fourth inning, standing 10 to 23 in favor of the "H. D. Ns., which caused considerable loud talk and good feeling on their part, but this did not last long. The "Ontarios" are a "plucky club," and at the end of the eighth inning for them and the ninth for the Parish club the "H. D. Ns." refused to play longer when the score stood as follows:

ONTARIOS.	H. D. Ns.
Tully ..... 6	Richards M. .... 2
Barker ..... 2	Mosher ..... 2
McKay ..... 3	Myers ..... 4
Saladin ..... 3	Richards H. .... 2
Rider ..... 3	Trowbridge ..... 3
Webb, T. H. .... 0	Ingraham ..... 3
Dieder ..... 2	Vaughn ..... 3
Webb, G. C. .... 3	Boyer ..... 2
Total ..... 26	Total ..... 24
Base Hits ..... 18	Base Hits ..... 15
Fielding Errors ..... 2	Fielding Errors ..... 8
Earned Runs ..... 13	Earned Runs ..... 6
Umpire—M. Hutchins, Union Square.	
Time—2 1/2 hours.	

### NEW YORK DELEGATION.

Those from New York and vicinity who are going to the Convention will do well to arrive at Chambers Street, N. Y., as early as eight o'clock and cross over to Jersey City and take the day express at 9:15 o'clock, a. m. This express will arrive at Elmira the same day at 6:35 p. m. All going will be ready at the Jersey depot before 9 o'clock and report to the manager of New York who will see that everything is right. Don't forget the time. Don't forget the date and don't fail.

M. HETMAN, Manager.

### DIED.

DRENNAN—At the residence of her father, Edwin Ames, 86, in this village, Aug. 18, 1877. Nettie, wife of D. O. Drennan, aged 29 years.

GILLET—In this town, Aug. 8th, Marcus Gillet, aged 66 years.

### MEXICO MARKETS.

RETAIL PRICES OF GRAIN, FLOUR AND FEED:  
Flour, (retail) \$7.00 Red 7.00 White 8.00  
Meal, (retail) ..... 1.20  
Shops, 1 ton ..... \$18.00  
Shipments, 1 ton ..... \$20.00  
Hidlings, 1 ton ..... \$25.00  
Corn, ..... 65  
Oats, ..... 30 @ 35

### PRICES PAID FOR FARM PRODUCE.

Butter, ..... 15 @ 18  
Loose Butter, ..... 12 @ 16  
Cheese, ..... 10 @ 12  
Lard, ..... 11  
Eggs, 1 dozen ..... 13  
Beef, 1 lb. ..... 65 @ 12 1/2  
Pork, 1 lb. ..... 65 @ 12 1/2  
Mutton, 1 lb. ..... 60 @ 9  
1 lb. 1 lb. barrel, retail, ..... \$15  
Pork, 1 lb. ..... 65 @ 12 1/2  
Apples, (dried) 1 lb. ..... 04  
Ham, 1 lb. ..... 11  
Dressed Poultry, 1 lb. ..... 8 @ 10  
Potatoes, 1 bush. ..... 20 @ 25  
Feed Hides, 1 lb. ..... 5 @ 6

### BRIEF ITEMS.

—There are about 400 visitors at Wells Beach.

—Visitors to Saratoga are about 20 per cent less than last year.

—In two years 6,000 London children have been taught to swim by the Health Society.

—The steamship Neektar which arrived at New York last Friday, brought Senator Conkling as a passenger.

—One of the Boston street railway companies has on file six thousand applications for the position of drivers and conductors.

—The Russian measure of distance is a verst. It was adopted as the mildest method in which the natives could say that their roads were the verst they ever saw.

—Both the prohibitionists and the greenbackers have put up State tickets in Wisconsin, but neither is likely to get votes enough to affect the main issues between the old parties, who are yet to nominate.

—There are two parties in Russia as well as in other countries. A very large number are satisfied with the passage of the Danube and demand peace. The other party comprises the "On to Constantinople," fellows, who are for extermination of the European Turks.

—At Dudley, England, the experiment has been tried of killing animals by the explosion of dynamite. Small primers of dynamite, with an electric fuse attached, were attached to the foreheads of two horses and a donkey. The electric current being discharged, the animals fell instantly dead without a struggle.

—One of the signs of the times is the eagerness with which the American boot and shoe makers are scouring all regions of the earth to build up a foreign trade in their goods. They are succeeding fairly. American styles are popular, and there is a prospect of American shoeing the Japanese Empire and all South America.

—And now the Scientific American warns the public against tinned ware, the tin used in its manufacture now-a-days being largely adulterated with lead, in consequence of which the "tinned" ware loses its original brightness, while the lead lurks round in the systems of those who use it, biding its time for the work of death.

The house of the editor Madison Wis., Democrat was entered recently by a burglar whom, in a big head-line, the editor calls "A Damf Ool," as he secured no booty, there being no booty to be secured. The editor, however, censures the scoundrel for his conduct, it being cowardly, he holds, to frighten unprotected women and children.

The hairs of the head have been numbered. Dr. Erasmus Wilson, the first authority in England, on cutaneous disorders, has been investigating the number of hairs in a square inch of the human head, and estimates that it contains on an average about 1,066. Taking the superficial area of the head at 120 square inches, this gives about 127,920 hairs for the entire head.

—A Berlin despatch says a coup d'etat in France is believed probable and it is thought that a government established by a coup d'etat will not be recognized by Germany. Notwithstanding that profound peace prevails throughout France, the Ultra-Conservative papers urge the government to declare martial law. A report is current that the Cabinet has already resolved upon this step, and some journals discuss it in the light of a forgone conclusion.

—During the recent unpleasantness in Chicago a party of roughs called on Robert Law, a rich coal dealer. "You must pay your men two dollars a day, or we'll shut you up," said the spokesman. "And who the devil are you, sir?" demanded Robert. "We represent the labor strike, and must be obeyed," imperiously demanded the spokesman. "Well, you want me to pay my men two dollars a day, do you?" "Yes, and you must do it, too." "I'm much obliged to the labor strikers. I'm paying my men from \$3 to \$4.50 a day, and a reduction to two dollars will be a good thing for me; but go, and see the workmen about it."

The modern old maid is round and jolly, two dimples in her cheeks, and has a laugh as musical as a bobolink's song. She wears nicely-fitted dresses, and emulating little ornaments around her plump throat, and becoming little knots and bows. She goes to concerts, and parties, and suppers, and lectures and matinees, and she doesn't go alone. She carries a dainty parasol, and wears killing bonnets, and has live poets and philosophers in her train. In fact the modern old maid is as good as the modern young maid; she has sense and conversation, as well as dimples and curves, and she has a bank-book and dividends.—*Boston Advertiser*.

—There is considerable comment in Administration circles upon the fact that railroads, which were substantially prevented from destruction by the intervention of the Federal Government, are making such haste to present bills to the Government for the transportation of troops. One old officer to whose efforts, by the confession of a railroad company, at least a



## Correspondence.

(Although our columns are open for the publication of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.)

### A LONG LETTER FROM THE VENERABLE PROF. JOB TURNER.

INCIDENTS OF PROF. TURNER'S MISSION WORK OF ESTABLISHING NEW CHURCH MISSIONS TO DEAF-MUTES THROUGHOUT ALL THE NEW ENGLAND STATES WITH THE APPROBATION OF, AND UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE REV. DR. GALLAUDET.

EPISCOPAL OFFICIANTS' HOME NEAR CONCORD, N. H., AUG. 14th, 1877.

MY DEAR GALLAUDET:—I take great pleasure in writing you merely to inform you that I am now engaged in the work of establishing new church missions to deaf-mutes throughout all the New England States, which work I cannot get through, till the last of October. Please permit me to say that the work which I am now doing, is slow but sure in the sight of our Master who orders all things both in heaven and on earth. After I have finished this work, I shall make regular appointments, which I hope to fulfill with punctuality with the blessing of God; and which will make me busy as bees.

Truly do I feel thankful to God for blessing me with success in my work, and that the oftener I officiate, the more clearly I see His wise providence. My chief object in establishing these missions is not only to get acquainted with the clergy and deaf-mutes, both educated and uneducated, but also to ameliorate the social, intellectual and religious condition of the latter, by telling them about their deaf-muteness and my work from place to place, giving them literary lectures, and showing them the true way to heaven to be with God forever, through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ. Please let me beseech you, the true Christians to pray God to enable me to carry my present work into effect successfully with His blessing, and to preserve me during my mission journey, exposed, as I am in traveling to many dangers.

Behold I have already got to bring my mission-work into operation, which cannot be gotten through, for about two months.

I think I can safely say that I shall be able to establish about forty church missions for deaf-mutes in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island. Many thanks do I owe to God that I have succeeded in starting several. It is just what I long desired.

I. BOSTON.  
Soon after my arrival at this city from Martha's Vineyard, July 20th, I had the unspeakable pleasure of meeting Principal Covell, of the West Virginia Deaf-mute Institution at Romney, my old associate teacher at the Virginia Institution, and for several years Principal of that Institution. We were overjoyed at meeting each other like old friends. His object in visiting this city, was to get an articulation teacher for his Institution, by direction of the Directors. I have always known him as one of the most graceful sign-makers in the United States, and one of the most successful managers of deaf-mute schools. He is very respectably connected, both in Virginia and New England. I have received a very kind invitation from him to visit his growing Institution, and lecture to his pupils. To my great joy I learned from him that one of his associate teachers, Prof. Holdridge Chidester, was doing well. He is one of my old pupils, as is his wife. Truly do I feel proud to hear that he has a home of his own, and three fine children. The Society for which Dr. Gallaudet officiates quarterly, will hereafter be known as the Boston Church Mission to Deaf-mutes. I desire to be clearly understood, that Dr. Gallaudet and myself have no desire whatever to meddle with the other society under the management of Messrs. Tillinghast & Holmes; nor will we attempt to force any deaf-mutes to join the Episcopal Church against his or her will. Deaf-mute readers, please understand clearly and thoroughly what we, both Dr. Gallaudet and myself mean. I do not wish to be any more misunderstood, as I have been, and am still badly. Let us live together in harmony, that we may always live in happiness in heaven.

On the beautiful afternoon of the 24th ult., I bade good-bye to Boston, and got away with my firm faith in God, for the express purpose of establishing new church missions to deaf-mutes throughout New England.

II. SALEM.  
I stopped over at this historic city for about three hours. It is generally known as a commercial and literary city, finely situated on a good harbor, protected by the guns of Fort Pickering. It is celebrated as being the scene of that delusion of witchcraft in 1692, for which about nineteen persons suffered death at the hands of superstitious zeal. It has given birth to many distinguished literary and public characters, among whom was Prescott, the historian, Rogers, the sculptor, Hawthorne, the author, and Penbody, the wealthy banker. Immediately after my arrival, I went to see Rev. Dr. Arcey, Rector of St. Peter's Church, on business; but I was doomed to disappointment, as he was not at home, his church being undergoing some alterations. I next called to see the Chapmans, and had a short talk with the elder Chapman, his mother and sister. I paid Mr. and Mrs. Southwick a short call, and was surprised and pleased to meet Mrs. W. B. Swift and her youngest daughter at their home. If I had not seen them, I would have proceeded to

Marblehead, but I did not go on account of Mrs. W. B. Swift's absence from home. In the presence of, and with the approbation of Mr. and Mrs. Southwick, I established a new church mission at Salem, and called it the Salem Church Mission to Deaf-mutes. I went to pay my respects to Mr. Packard, on account of his being an earnest Christian, but unfortunately he was away from his shop. I desire it to be clearly understood that I do not mean to interfere with the Salem Silent Society at all, but that it has my deep sympathy.

III. MARBLEHEAD.

At Mr. Southwick's house, I told Mrs. Swift that it was my intention to establish a new church mission in Marblehead, and she replied that it would give her and her deaf-mute neighbors pleasure to have me conduct an occasional service, for themselves and others. So I thought it proper to start a new church mission in this place, and named it the Marblehead Church Mission to Deaf-mutes.

IV. NEWBURYPORT.

Reaching this fine city at sunset, I met with a very warm welcome from Prof. and Mrs. Atwood, who did all they could to make my short stay pleasant, and who have many hearty thanks for their pure hospitality. The Professor was for a number of years, a teacher of the Ohio and Arkansas Deaf-mute Institutions, in both of which his past services are, I believe, still well thought and spoken of. He conducts religious services among his deaf-mute friends in this city every Sunday, except August, during which month he makes his vacation.

The next morning, Aug. 25th, business led me to see Rev. Mr. Drown, who received me and Prof. Atwood kindly. I told him the object of my mission, which seems to have pleased him, and he said that he had often felt a desire to have an occasional service for deaf-mutes in his church, and that he would be happy to have me officiate for his church occasionally. I told him that I would notify him and the deaf-mutes of this city in advance, and he replied "all right."

MISS SARAH S. GOMER.

The Professor showed me the tomb where this nice deaf-mute lady lies buried with her parents. He told me that the tomb door was closed forever, for the Gomer family was all gone. Her parents were very respectable and wealthy, and kept splendid horses in this city. Her father was largely engaged in business in Cuba. A great pity it is that she fell a victim to that cruel disease, consumption, because she was much admired as a nice lady, and was much beloved and esteemed by us all. She leaves behind her a good reputation as a virtuous lady. About a week before her death, while she was in Boston, she often told her guardian, a respectable lawyer, that she had a strong desire to return to her old home. In spite of his advice, she came to this city on the 1st of April 1874, and passed away on the 8th, at the age of 46 years. She received the light of a good education at the Hartford school, which shone well through her career.

AN ARMLESS MAN.

After leaving the tomb, we were wending our way back to Prof. Atwood's pleasant home, when we met an armless man who lets his boats on a small lake. We saw a young fox, chained, which belonged to the armless man. The Professor asked him where the fox was captured, and he replied "White Mountains." To our great surprise, we found that he could write as handsome a hand, as if he had his two arms in perfection. The Professor asked him a few other questions, which he answered by writing with a lead pencil which he held in his mouth. What say you, Dr. Peck? He has a deaf-mute armless pupil under his tuition. Leaving him, we called on Miss Coffin, and enjoyed a short conversation with her.

A FINE SAIL.

In the afternoon, we enjoyed a fine sail to Salisbury Beach Point, in a little yacht. Mr. John Poor was our captain, and managed the yacht with the skill of an experienced captain. On board the yacht, were his distinguished passengers, Mrs. John Poor, Prof. and Mrs. Atwood, Mrs. David P. Clark, of Rindge, N. H., Miss E. A. Richardson, Mr. Byron Brown of Bangor, Me., and this writer. The nice yacht was owned by Capt. John Poor's brother who very kindly let us use it free of charge. While we were sailing down the Bay, sharks were seen swimming around our yacht. So much did we enjoy the sail, as it was a very lovely afternoon. We could not have enjoyed a more pleasant sail.

III. SALEM.

I stopped over at this historic city for about three hours. It is generally known as a commercial and literary city, finely situated on a good harbor, protected by the guns of Fort Pickering. It is celebrated as being the scene of that delusion of witchcraft in 1692, for which about nineteen persons suffered death at the hands of superstitious zeal. It has given birth to many distinguished literary and public characters, among whom was Prescott, the historian, Rogers, the sculptor, Hawthorne, the author, and Penbody, the wealthy banker. Immediately after my arrival, I went to see Rev. Dr. Arcey, Rector of St. Peter's Church, on business; but I was doomed to disappointment, as he was not at home, his church being undergoing some alterations. I next called to see the Chapmans, and had a short talk with the elder Chapman, his mother and sister. I paid Mr. and Mrs. Southwick a short call, and was surprised and pleased to meet Mrs. W. B. Swift and her youngest daughter at their home. If I had not seen them, I would have proceeded to

V. PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

The balmy afternoon of the 26th ult., found me in Portsmouth in which city I stayed until 9 P. M. I called on the city Marshall to know whether there were any deaf-mutes in this city, as I had never heard of any. I found

him to be a very kind-hearted gentleman, with a very pleasant countenance. He told me that he would be happy to render me any assistance in his power, and that the Mayor, City Clerk and himself had lived there many years, and did not know of any, but they promised to seek them out.

I next called on the Rev. Mr. Holbrook, an intimate friend of Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, whose personal appearance pleased me very much. He said it would give him pleasure to let me conduct an occasional service in his church, if there were any deaf-mutes in this city or in the vicinity.

My conscience advised me to establish a Church-Mission, which I did, after consideration, and I called it the Portsmouth Church-Mission for Deaf-mutes.

Yours Truly,  
JOB TURNER.

(To be Continued Next Week.)

### LETTER FROM OTTAWA, ONT.

OTTAWA, August 14, 1877.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I present you with the under-written slip which I observed in a newspaper: A large party of the Americans from Ogdensburg, who visited the city of Ottawa in the morning of Thursday, Aug. 2d, left for home at 7:30 that night. About 200 citizens, most of them friends of the excursionists who had been perhaps on many occasions, hospitably entertained by their American cousins, assembled at the Railway Station to bid them *Bon Voyage*. The excursionists speak highly of the city and its citizens, and hope to see many of them again during the fair next September. The same day they were here, I observed in the "Ottawa Citizen," the article about "making love" to a deaf-mute, viz:—She was a pretty brunette, with dreamy eyes, and came from Ogdensburg, yesterday. She strolled around the lovers' walk in the city of Ottawa, and when fatigued sat down to rest beneath the leafy shade. As she sat there tracing idle characters on the sand with the end of her parasol, a rather good-looking young man approached her. She gazed on him for a moment, and then said, "The very man I dreamt of." He took his hat off and standing there appeared deferential as a knight-errant of old awaiting the behest of his liege Mistress. She looked at him. He smiled, but never spoke a word. Then she said, "Young man I have said I would never marry until I met the man I loved. I have found him in the loveliest spot on earth. Here would I live in an ideal cottage; here we could cultivate our minds and our flower-gardens; work Berlin wool chairs for an ideal drawing room, and be the happiest couple on the face of the earth. Still the young man smiled and never spoke a word. She was preparing to grind out another sweet sentence when the young man's lips moved and she thought he murmured something soft and sweet. "I beg your pardon," said the lady, "Da da, da da," said the young man, and then she discovered that she had been wasting her eloquence on one who could neither understand nor appreciate it. Never was disgust more plainly depicted on any countenance, than when she became convinced of the fact.

I deny that the above report was true; of course there was not a deaf-mute in Ottawa to whom a lady made love, but there might be a deaf-mute from some other place, or I think that a reporter made it for a joke. Respectfully yours,  
JAMES STEWART, JR.

EDUCATION OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.  
BY MISS J. L. ATWOOD.

We feel that this is one of the special gifts of Christianity, for the *American Annals* assure us, that it is to her we owe our gratitude, that means were devised and used for the instruction of this unfortunate class of people. Not until Christ came, did the civilization of the ancient world recognize, from its height of power and genius, any scheme by which mutes could be made wise as well as those possessing the power of hearing. Some weak minds of the period imagined it was some proof of Divine displeasure, reasons for which they could not define, but believing that it was so, they lost no time and spared no pains to subject any one of the deaf-mutes to penalties of the law against which they had ignorantly stumbled, and by such cruelty they got much satisfaction for their depraved notions, and the law, which should have provided for them the rights and privileges of humanity, and which should have been their protector and defender, gave its sanction to civil and political disfranchisement. We have given but a few words upon this point, but trust they will suffice to illustrate the injustice of the great Roman lawgiver.

In the earliest record, we are able to obtain of the education of deaf-mutes, is found a work entitled "De Inventione Dialectica," by Rodolphus Agricola, who lived in the latter part of the fifteenth century, and in his manuscript he stated that he had seen an individual, deaf and dumb, who could understand what others attempted to demonstrate to him, and who could express his own thoughts by signs and writing, and he thought it some miraculous agency; and later another author, Louis Vives, declares in a work of which he is the writer, his doubts about the truth of Agricola's statement. It seems they were strong in the opinion that deaf-mutes were destined to live and die as ignorant as the beast of the forest, and to be directed entirely by instinct, and yet subject to the common law. Jerome Cardan, an Italian philosopher

who died in 1576, at the advanced age of seventy-five, suggested and developed many of the primary ideas in the theory of teaching the deaf and dumb. Yet this man would not dwell long upon anything in the whole circle of science. His mind was athletic, but he scattered broadcast the seeds of truth, leaving somebody else who would, to make the harvest. He proposed, but left others to actual experiment. Again we are introduced to Peter Ponce, a Spanish Benedictine monk, who is accounted by some as the first practical instructor of these silent children of God. He died in 1584. He taught articulation, with success in many instances, and had the pleasure of knowing that some spoke very well in Greek, Latin and Italian. Added to this was a method of instruction, much like what modern instructors call object-teaching. After the lapse of half a century, John Paul Bonet, also a Spaniard, resumed the labor of instruction, and was the author of the first formal essay upon deaf-mute instruction that was ever printed. One point we observe in this work, in his concealment of his predecessor's untiring zeal to enlighten the mutes, as he makes no mention of Ponce as a teacher, and we think he claimed more than belonged to him, in pretending that he was the inventor of the enterprise. A mute, Ramirez de Carion by name, who lived a few years after Bonet, was the author of a work upon deaf-mute instruction, and devoted much of his time in teaching his companions. One of his pupils was Prince of Savoy, who was able to speak and write with great ability.

(To be Continued.)

GEORGE A. HOMER'S RESIGNATION.  
THE CORRESPONDENT'S HISTORY OF MR. HOMER—A DEAF-MUTE SOCIETY IN SATISFACTORY CONDITION.  
Boston, Mass., Aug. 11th, 1877.  
EDITOR DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL:—It is with painful feelings that I inform the readers of the JOURNAL that George Homer, Esq., Treasurer of the New England Deaf-Mute Literary Society and Mission, tendered his letter of resignation, to our association. It was with feelings of regret and reluctance, that we accepted it, though we consider it for his good, as he needed retirement and rest from his arduous labors, in our association, after months of unceasing toil. He has served, well and faithfully, the trust. He is a man of respectability, intelligence, and of high standing in society, honored, loved, and respected by all, who have the pleasure of his acquaintance and friendship. The deaf-mutes, all have a high regard for, and interest in him, for his many virtues and genial disposition. None can see or converse with him without feeling a deep interest in him, as he is pleasant and kind hearted to all, both to the rich and the poor alike. He is well known by all the deaf-mutes all over the N. E. States. He is a native of Boston. His father was well known, and honored alike by nearly every citizen as he served our city and country well, until age and affliction, compelled him to retire from an honorable and active business. Mr. Homer has a wife, of rare accomplishments and refinement, and two interesting children, who can hear and speak, though himself and his wife are both deaf-mutes. He was formerly employed in the Custom House as boatman, for the period of twenty-five years, faithfully discharged his duties, and gave entire satisfaction to all the officers, and those who employed him in the Custom House. Afterwards he found steady, but humble, employment in the Boston Post Office, where he remained for nearly fifteen years a collector and assessor of letters. He was well qualified, and skillful in the transaction of those last named occupations, when he retired. God has thus far blessed him with prosperity and abundance, with which to enjoy life and happiness, and may he hereafter be successful and prosperous in some other important undertaking.

The room of the N. E. D. M. Literary Society and Mission has closed for vacation till October; for the convenience of the deaf-mutes, a new Hall will be occupied in the central part of the city. The progress of the Society is in satisfactory condition. JOHN MAGEE,  
President of N. E. D. M. L. S. & M.

"DUMMY"—HIS FUTURE NAME.

The JOURNAL of May 17th had an editorial about "dummy," the lost deaf-mute and from that editorial your Brooklyn correspondent took the hint, and as he lives only two miles from the Long Island Railroad depot, took some pains to call on "dummy" and see what he could learn.

"Is Conductor Tolhurst employed on this line?" asked your correspondent of the door-keeper.

An affirmative response being given, the writer said: "I would like to see him." The door-keeper then led the scribe of the JOURNAL to Conductor Tolhurst, who is a tall, slim built gentleman, who wears a black mustache and chin beard. He has black eyes and a pleasant appearance.

"I am a correspondent of the DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL, and have come to make a few inquiries about the deaf-mute employed on this line." At this point the correspondent pulled out the JOURNAL, which contained an account of "Dummy" and handed it to Conductor Tolhurst, who read it and looked over the JOURNAL three or four times before he handed it back to the writer.

"That paper (the JOURNAL) is one of the deaf-mute organs and it devotes

its columns to deaf-mute matters," wrote the correspondent, and he continued: "In case you have anything to say, please let me know because I am going to make an account of this sad case and see if I can, with the aid of the JOURNAL, be of any use to the poor fellow." Conductor Tolhurst then said that "Dummy" did hail from Connecticut; that he is a smart boy of about 22 years.

"I think," continued Conductor Tolhurst, he would learn easy; he can hear a little in one ear and I think he is gaining his voice slowly." "He says that his father and mother are dead," wrote the conductor; "We did not think that before we sent him to Fitchburg."

The writer was then led to one of the cars, where he found "Dummy" cleaning his oranges, and when the conductor informed "Dummy" that the writer was deaf and dumb, "Dummy" rose and extended his hand. "He is about five feet; has black sunken eyes; black hair; a sun-burnt smooth complexion with a thin, black mustache; his face is thin featured and plain, only flattened, and a small pug nose. He wears a blue suit with a cap on which is, 'Newbury, L. I. R. R.'"

The writer ascertained that he lost his hearing at five years of age; that he has five brothers and sisters; that he is unmarried. When your correspondent began to speak with Mr. Tolhurst, "Dummy" sprang up and said that the writer could talk and when the scribe informed him that he lost his hearing by sickness, "Dummy" at once dropped in his chair, understanding the real meaning. But when the writer began talking notes, "Dummy" put his fore-fingers to his forehead and struck it several times and pointed to the writer, simply meaning that he (the writer) was educated.

The scribe then held a lengthy conversation with Mr. Tolhurst and the principal topic was about sending him to the New York Institution for one year. When "Dummy" was informed that the writer was going to get him to school, his face changed to a brighter aspect and he said he would go. Then Dr. Glandet's name and church were brought up and when the writer told "Dummy" that he (the scribe) attended the church he said he believed in God, by raising his eyes and then pointing to Heaven, he patted his breast with his hand. As the train was about to start the writer bid "Dummy" good-bye and saluted forth.

As they call him "Dummy" and as he will soon begin to enter our society, the writer takes it that the readers of the JOURNAL will be judicious enough to acknowledge that "Dummy's" name will hereafter be *Thomas Gallaudet Tolhurst*. When he enters school he will be known by that name and in case he is not claimed by his friends, he will be useful to all of us by that name for it is just to him and all, that when we call him *Thomas Gallaudet* after the great father of the deaf who will do all he can to get "Dummy" in the New York Institution next year, and Tolhurst the faithful and father-like conductor who has for many years taken good care of him. As long as he lives, may we, as well as all, know him as MR. THOMAS GALLAUDET TOLHURST and not "Dummy."

CLAUDUS.

A WORCESTER LETTER.

WORCESTER, MASS., Aug. 18, 1877.  
EDITOR JOURNAL:—It affords me a great deal of pleasure to write you more about Worcester, and I presume you like to hear from this city.

Most of the mutes in this city like the "DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL" very much, and speak very highly of it. I assure you that it is a very good paper, and that it has wonderfully improved since it was started. Every deaf-mute should take it. I wish the "DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL" to remain prosperous and useful.

We are having hot weather in this city, and can hardly keep "cool," but we shall have some cool weather when September comes. Many of the people of this city are away from their homes this hot weather, to stay at their summer cottages, for the purpose of enjoying reading, bathing, fishing, boating, &c., until cool weather. Some of the mutes in this city, will probably go to Nantasket Beach, quite a number of miles from Boston, soon.

Miss Clara Flagg, a semi-mute lady, who was born in Natick, Mass., and who moved to Hartford, Conn., with her folks, in 1863, came to Worcester from Wallingford, Conn., where she has been at work at dressmaking, Saturday afternoon, the 11th inst., and has visited her friends in this city for a week, and has gone to New Hampshire this morning, to visit her relatives there. She visited at my house for three days. She is an old classmate of my wife, and mine, and was educated at Hartford for ten years, and graduated five years ago. When her health is better, she will go back to work at dressmaking in September.

Mr. William B. Flagg, father of Miss Clara Flagg, (the above mentioned,) will come to Worcester, the 20th inst., to pass a day or two attending camp-meeting at Sterling, several miles from this city. He is the master of the shoe-shop for deaf-mutes at Hartford, and has been there fourteen years, from 1863 to 1877.

Mrs. E. W. Denny is our good, old neighbor, and comes to our house very often, and we enjoy her company very much. We esteem her very highly. Denny street, on which we now live, was named after her deceased husband. He was a man of good character, and remarkably industrious. Everybody liked him very much, and often spoke of him as a respectable man. His son Daniel, who can hear and speak, has just finished a new house near his mother's old house, and has

moved his family, consisting of a wife and two children, into it. His house presents a splendid appearance. He is a milk-man, who sells milk every morning. I am one of his customers. He is a nice man, and is very much liked. Mrs. E. W. Denny will move down stairs in her house, this present week, and will let a small tenement to a small family or a widow lady.

There are ten mutes on the west side of the city, namely: Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Cary, Mrs. E. W. Denny, Misses Chaffin, Taft, Whitney, Alice Houghton, Edith Houghton, and Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Green; and there are seven mutes living on the east side of the city; Miss Joslyn, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Howe, Messrs. H. M. Howe, Parcells, Knight, and McGinnis.

Prof. Job Turner who paid a visit to Mr. and Mrs. V. B. Wright, both mutes, who formerly lived in Worcester, and afterwards in Millbury and in Nashua, N. H., where he stopped over night, came to Worcester, Thursday morning, the 16th inst., so as to give a little call to Mr. D. B. Howe's folks, after which he had to run to the Union depot where he left for Norwich, Conn., where he was to officiate the same evening.

Miss Chaffin, a deaf-mute lady, spoke of going to Chicago the present summer, to live with her friends, but has given up going, on account of her mother.

Miss Elith Houghton, sister of Alice Houghton, is going back to school at Northampton, Sept. 25th.

I hope she will make good progress in articulating and lip reading.

Yours Truly,  
DANIEL W. CARY.

REV. H. W. SYLE'S PARTY.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Last Sunday afternoon, Rev. H. W. Syle announced to his deaf-mute congregation, at St. Stephen's Church, that he would be pleased to receive all his deaf-mute friends, and deaf-mute strangers, in Philadelphia, at the Pennsylvania Institution for Deaf-Mutes, Tuesday evening, the 7th inst., in honor of the fifth anniversary of his wedding; "and again," said Mr. Syle, "I say, come one, come all." Tuesday evening came with your correspondent at the Institution. When my wife and myself arrived, we found a large number of deaf-mutes, sitting and standing in various rooms, and on the outer steps, in readiness to meet Mr. Syle and his wife at the proper hour.

On entering the matrons' parlor, Mr. and Mrs. Syle greeted us at the door, where we congratulated them as we passed in. The fifth wedding anniversary being known and denominated as a *Wooden Wedding*, gifts of wood material were in order. From the reception room, the guests, numbering eighty-six persons, led by Mr. W. R. Cullingworth and Miss E. O'Connor, proceeded to the Director's room, which contained the presents, into which they were ushered by Mr. Abraham F. Marshall, and directed to occupy standing positions against the walls of the room. Soon, Mr. Cullingworth escorted the bride and groom up to a table, on the south side of the room, and the guests were formally introduced to them. Mr. Syle was tastefully dressed. Mrs. Syle was beautifully attired and wore an elegant, striped, gray dress, a present from Mr. Syle's father, imported from Japan. Mr. Syle spoke at some length, accepting the presents in a graceful manner. Mr. Cullingworth tendered the congratulations of Mr. Syle's New York City friends, with whom he (Mr. C.) spent last Sunday. Mr. Marshall followed in making remarks, and, lastly, Mr. Cronter made a witty speech, of considerable length, which caused much merriment. During his remarks, he was enthusiastically applauded several times. At the conclusion of the speeches, Rev. and Mrs. Syle viewed the presents, were well pleased with, and heartily thanked the donors for them. Chief, among the presents was a patent-revolving Book Case, the gift of Mrs. Paulin, W. R. Cullingworth, Guss, Paul, George Schutz, John Schütz, and Mr. Zeigler and Abraham F. Marshall, the top of which was adorned by a large, oak Bowl, containing a magnificent and very fragrant bouquet, a present from Mrs. Paulin. A large and elegant easy chair, commodious for reading or lounging and sleeping, and was presented by Mr. Wm. McKinney. Miss Lentz gave a pretty marine clock, Miss Franklin a nice and handy Lanch Basket. Mr. J. Loew a revolving calendar, a carved spoon and fork, and two wooden Napkins-rings, Charles Palmer a nice market basket; a deaf-mute lady gave six chairs, and there were other articles the names of which, and those of the givers, I cannot now recall to mind. Mr. and Mrs. Syle expressed much gratification at the receipt of the numerous useful and ornamental presents. From the gift room, preceded by Mr. and Mrs. Syle, we went to the girls' room of the Institution where refreshments were served. At the head of the table, occupied by the bride and groom of the occasion, was the wooden bowl and bouquet previously mentioned. The guests, which at this time numbered one hundred and fifteen deaf-mutes and eleven hearing persons, occupied chairs at the sides of the immense table. Prof. Cronter offered Grace, after which we partook to the fill, of cake of many kinds, then different flavored ice-creams, and lemonade. Among those who volunteered their services at the reception, and contributed largely towards furnishing refreshments for the occasion, the following names figure conspicuously: Mr. R. Cullingworth, John D. Zeigler, Mr. G. Harrison, H. L. Stevenson, Daniel Paul, W. E. Guss, Mr. McKinney, H. Miller, Mrs. W. S. Harrison,

Misses E. O'Connor, A. Shay, D. Hart, Miss Parker and Miss Taylor.

The hour of midnight came, and, after wishing Mr. and Mrs. Syle the return of many happy wedding anniversaries, and receiving their best wishes for our happiness, we dispersed to our various homes.

ECLIPSE.

Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 11, 1877.

NARROW ESCAPE FROM DROWNING.

Mr. F. Klingman while attempting to swim a long distance in the East River, in this city was seized with cramps and his cries for help were heard by some men in a boat and they took him in time to save him from a watery grave. The distance he had made was seven and one-half miles and he has out-swum Stephen Sinclair, and has been declared a better swimmer than Sinclair. The above was what was expected by those on the dock. But it should be borne in mind, that a man is in danger of losing his life any moment while attempting to swim long distances.

D.D.O.

A STRANGELY INTERESTING SERVICE.

An interesting service was held in Gethsemane church on Wednesday evening for the benefit of the "children of silence," by Rev. A. W. Mann, of Cleveland, Ohio, a mute clergyman of the Episcopal church and missionary of the "Society of the church mission to deaf-mutes." Mr. M. found about twenty mutes located in Minneapolis, most of them educated by or pupils of our state school. About a dozen attended the services at Gethsemane, the regular evening service of the Episcopal church being interpreted to them in the sign language. One mute adult and three children of mute parents were baptized by Dr. Knickerbocker, Mr. Mann interpreting the service in sign language.

It is the intention of Mr. Mann to visit Minneapolis quarterly and to hold services for mutes. The society for deaf-mutes of the Episcopal church under Dr. Gallaudet of New York has now four hearing clergymen and two mutes besides a number of lay readers ministering to this people. When we remember there are forty-five educational institutions supported by the different states and 25,000 mutes in the United States, we see there is a large field open for this society. The object of this special work of the church is to take up the deaf and dumb where the schools leave them and minister to their spiritual wants. The society also maintains a home in New York city for aged and infirm mutes. The itinerant work of the West is in charge of Mr. Mann, who visits most of the large cities in the West. He finds 150 of this class in St. Louis and about the same number in Chicago. He holds a service in Milwaukee next Sunday. The mutes in Minneapolis seemed greatly gratified by his visit, and will look forward with interest to his occasional visitations. Three of the coopers of Minneapolis are mutes and have mute families. They have no difficulty in supporting themselves and securing steady employment.—*St. Paul and Minneapolis Pioneer Press*, Aug. 17, 1877.

LUCK.

Some people are fond of denying that there is any such thing as "luck," but, be that as it may, there certainly are persons to whom what seems like fortuitous good fortune comes. Col. Green Wilkinson gave a seat in his pew in London to an old gentleman who left him \$40,000 a year. A young Bostonian crossed to England three or four years ago and got into conversation with an elderly gentleman who observed that they both had the same name. It turned out that they were second cousins. The older had gone to California in the early days, made a vast fortune, and entirely lost sight of his relatives. That chance meeting gave the young Bostonian a fortune of between two and three millions.

Two ladies had a box at the opera in London. An old man opposite bored them dreadfully by perpetually "loving" them. The scene came to an end and they thought no more about him. One day, a year afterward, a solicitor called on one of the ladies, Lady Francis Bruce, and told her that an old gentleman, Mr. W., had left her property worth several thousand a year. "Never heard of the man," she said, "must be a mistake." "Very extraordinary," replied the solicitor. Suddenly a happy thought struck him. "He lies in his coffin in St. James street close by, at Banting's, the great undertakers; will you come and see him?" She went. It was the old lover, netter. And it is said that he left it to her under a mistake after all, having intended to leave it to her friend, whom, and not Lady Francis, he admired, but was misinformed as to the names of the ladies. And to give one more, a quite recent instance. A young New Yorker went to San Francisco to seek the fortunes which so many have failed to find. He got a poor clerkship and had to be thankful for that.

One evening at a place of entertainment he watched a game of cards, saw that an elderly Englishman was being cheated, exposed the fraud and had a tussle with the cheat. The Englishman had presented him \$20,000 to start him in business, and there is every prospect that more is to come.

MANUAL ALPHABET AND CALLING CARDS COMBINED.

We have on hand for Deaf-mutes or others so desiring, calling cards of any size or quality, having on the reverse side the Manual Alphabet, which many people would be pleased to learn.



## A TERRIFIC STORM.

IT SWEEPS OVER THIS CITY FROM THE NORTHWEST TO THE SOUTHEAST—THE NEW WEST WING OF THE DEAF AND DUMB INSTITUTION BADLY DAMAGED BY THE GALE.

This section was visited by a terrific wind and rain storm yesterday morning between the hours of two and three o'clock. When it first commenced raining there was a perfect lull, and it appeared as though there was scarcely a breath of air stirring, when suddenly and without warning a fearful gale burst upon the city, coming from the Northwest. Trees were twisted off in its path, but no special damage was done to buildings until the Deaf and Dumb Institution was reached. There it seemed to gather all its forces for one mighty effort to annihilate the structure and scatter it broad east over the land.

The Wickham Bros had the west wing nearly completed. The brick work had been finished for sometime and Mr. G. S. Lawson, who had the contract under them for the carpenter work, was progressing finely. The roof was all on and the painting of the cornices was finished on Saturday last. The floors were nearly all laid and a large portion of the lathing was done. Everything bid fair on Saturday to have it ready for the opening of the fall term of school in September, but to-day it is a mass of ruins. It was evidently directly in the path of the storm center, and was struck with a violence that was irresistible and against which no provision could have been made to prevent damage. The roof was caught up bodily and sent whirling through the air as if it had been only a feather. It was carried toward the southeast and literally torn into fragments, some of which were taken over the high bluffs and scattered in the greatest confusion over the hillsides and in the valleys for a distance of more than a mile. One piece weighing not less than five tons was dropped down upwards of forty rods from the place it was taken, while other pieces weighing two and three tons were landed still farther away. The tin was rolled up in huge masses and many timbers torn into splinters, some of which were not larger than a person's hand.

The brick walls of the third story in some places were blown entirely down, and the falling bricks as they came down in a body made sad havoc with the floors. Thirty-one window frames were completely destroyed, and the entire wing presents an appearance fully as dilapidated as the walls of the main part and east wing which have been standing since the fire. The loss which this disaster occasions cannot fall short of ten thousand dollars and may possibly reach fifteen. This amount, if it has to be borne by the Wickham Bros., and the sub contractor, Mr. Lawson, will be a heavy burden which will tax their resources heavily.

In order that our readers may have some idea of the great force of the wind at that place, we would call their attention to the condition of the front wall of the main building. This was well "shored" up directly after the fire sufficient it was thought to hold it in its place. In addition to that, the room which had been used as a chapel was fitted up temporarily with a floor and roof for a workshop. This added to its strength of course, but notwithstanding the wind moved the whole wall including the stone basement that was two feet in thickness. At the top the distance moved was between six and seven inches, which gradually decreased to about one half inch at the ground. The fourth story was about demolished and the debris of brick and mortar shows the ruin that has been wrought. Even the buildings in the rear, which were apparently well protected, were more or less damaged. The roof of the gas house was partly torn off, as was the roof of the engine house, which was only a few feet above the ground. The barn was also damaged, by the ripping off of several square feet of shingles and some of the sheathing boards. Two chimneys on the brick residence near by were blown down, but otherwise that building was uninjured. The storm was undoubtedly the most severe of any one that has visited this city since its settlement, and one that will be long remembered. No human foresight could have provided against the damage which was done. The new wing which was 102x52 feet in size and three stories high, was carefully built and no pains were spared in its construction to make it substantial and in every respect secure. Mr. Wm. M. Ward, the architect, gave his personal attention to all the details. Not a stone or brick

was placed in position except it was just right, and hence the disaster, for such it is, can be attributable only to the force of the destructive elements.—*Council Bluffs Nonpareil.*

## DANIEL WEBSTER AND THE QUAKERS.

"While I was in the Senate," said General Shields, in a recent lecture before the citizens of Lockport, N. Y., "I saw much of Webster both in and out of the capitol. He met me one day and said: 'Shields, I find I have got into difficulty with some of my constituents, some Quakers, who are dissatisfied with my advocacy of a certain measure, and they have sent a large delegation down here from Massachusetts to make a protest. I have promised to meet them this evening, and I would like to have you there.' 'Why, what can I do?'

"Your native blarney, Shields—it may help me out of the trouble."

I laughed at the idea of blarney effecting anything where Daniel Webster's eloquence could not convince; and I made that objection; but he insisted, and I promised to be on hand. Evening came, and I joined Mr. Webster at his rooms. Presently the delegation arrived and were seated: a dozen or twenty of the most solemn men I have ever seen, all rigidly costumed in Quaker dress. Without wasting any time the chairman arose and addressed Mr. Webster in a set speech. He commented severely on the course of the Senator as to the measure in question, setting forth the bad effect which it might have on the sect, expressing great sorrow and surprise that Mr. Webster had been found supporting such a bill, and concluded with a vigorous protest in writing, which bore many signatures. Webster listened attentively with unchanged countenance, and when the spokesman had resumed his seat he rose and replied. He spoke half an hour, and before he concluded he grew as eloquent as he was often heard. His defense was simply that he deemed the measure one demanded by the interests of the whole country, although it might not be specially adapted to the wants and interests of any sect, and after clearly setting this forth, he made such an appeal to the delegation to remember that they were Americans, as well as Quakers, that I was fairly electrified. The effect produced by his words upon the delegation was astonishing. When he began they were all seated; after he had spoke ten minutes one after another rose to his feet, until they were all standing; then they commenced to move toward him, and they had soon surrounded him in a body. Before he finished I saw the chairman take out his petition and tear it to pieces; and when he had finished, some of them were shedding tears, and were all grasping Webster's hands as fast as they could get them. 'Friend Webster,' cried the spokesman, 'this is right and we are wrong; we owe thee an apology; we will say no more about it; thee knows thy duty better than we.'

The next day I met Mr. Webster, and with a countenance of perfect gravity he said: 'Well, Shields—now didn't we blarney them nicely?'

## A GENUINE ROMANCE.

HOW THE POOR YOUNG LABORER WON THE RICH MAN'S DAUGHTER.

*Albany Journal:*—A secret courtship, an elopement, an abduction, a narrow escape from a tragedy, and a happy ending—the story of all this, which has just happened in North Adams, is another of those romances in real life that are stranger than fiction. Mr. H. P. Goodrich is an old citizen of the place, and is highly respected. He has a handsome property on which he lives, having retired from business. He has also a handsome daughter, Miss Nellie—cultivated, attractive, a great favorite in the village, and her father's idol.

Some weeks ago a young man named Moury came into North Adams as a workman on the railroad. So far as is known he was a man of good habits, but his social position was, of course, that of any day laborer. In some way he and Miss Nellie met, and an attachment sprang up between them which for some time was kept a secret. But it soon became known that this railroad laborer was the accepted lover of one of the belles of North Adams. The girl's father was very angry. He told Moury with much excitement that he must cease all further attentions, and he also told his daughter that she must no longer have anything to do with Moury.

But the only effect of his warning was to make the meetings of the lovers more and more secret. Mr. Good

rich knew that attentions were being paid clandestinely, and, meeting Moury one day in Ryan's grocery store, threatened to shoot him if he persisted in them.

A few days after this meeting, Miss Goodrich told her parents that she was going to spend the day with her aunt, who lived a short distance from North Adams. She did not return in the evening, and, growing anxious, the father went to the aunt's house and found that the daughter had not been there at all that day. Suspecting what had happened, he rushed to the depot and found that Moury, too, had been away that day.

The father was almost frantic. He could not learn where his daughter had gone; there was nothing to do but to return home and wait. It is said that, in his frenzy, he had determined to shoot both his daughter and the young man when they returned.

It appears that the girl, when she left her home took the cars for Pownal, Vt., and that Moury followed her. They were married that day. A day or two afterwards Moury took his bride to a relative's, who lived in Cheshire, Mass., and leaving her there returned to North Adams and his work. Going back to Cheshire a day or so after, he found his wife gone. Her father had learned where she was, and, going there one evening, had forced her to return home with him. He did not take her to his own house, however, and Moury was unable to find her.

The husband did not know what to do. He was satisfied that his wife was somewhere in North Adams, and that as she was of age when she married him, he had a right to take her if he could find her. The father, however, was unyielding, and matters continued in this condition for several days.

At length the father saw that he could not permanently separate man and wife; he was, moreover, rather pleased with the manner in which both husband and wife conducted themselves. A few days ago he relented and, yielding his daughter to her husband, gave them his blessing and started the pair in life with very material assistance.

## ELMIRA CONVENTION.

SEVENTH BIENNIAL OF THE EMPIRE STATE ASSOCIATION OF DEAF-MUTES, AUG. 29 AND 30, 1877.

The Convention will open Wednesday, Aug. 29, at 9 o'clock A. M., commencing, as far as decided, with the following

### PROGRAMME

The President's address. Reports of officers. Varied remarks by distinguished persons, deaf-mutes and others, during which important questions may be discussed.

Hon. Robert T. Turner, MAYOR OF ELMIRA, will open the morning session with a short speech.

At 2 o'clock, the orator of the day, Prof. S. T. Greene, of the Belleville (Canada) Institution for Deaf Mutes, or his substitute, Prof. T. H. Jewell of the New York Institution, will discourse upon subjects of interest and importance. Addresses by distinguished guests.

### Wednesday Evening.

At 7:45 o'clock, services for deaf-mutes and their friends will be held at Trinity Church, the Rev. Dr. Knight, Rector. The service will be read orally and interpreted by signs at the same time by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, who will make an interesting address.

### Thursday Morning.

At 7 o'clock, in the same church, there will be a celebration of Holy Communion, and short service before breakfast.

At nine o'clock sharp the association will assemble and proceed to the election of officers for the two years ending Aug. 1879.

Ladies and gentlemen attending will find a long duster handy, and are advised to bring one. The following hotels will receive deaf-mutes at the annexed rates—

Rathburn House,	\$2.50
Pennsylvania House,	2.00
Homestead Hotel,	1.00
Pattinson House,	1.25
Frazier House,	2.50
Delevan House,	2.00

The two latter houses are opposite the depot, and both good ones. The Rathburn is on Water St., and the best in town. The homestead is on the same street, and is good for the price.

### RAILROAD FARES REDUCED.

The Erie railway company will pass persons attending the convention from any station on its line and numerous

branches to Elmira at *two-thirds* fare. Parties from Rochester and western points will probably find this the best and cheapest route. Also those from southern and eastern points.

The Delaware, Lackawanna & Western will carry over all its roads at *half* fare. It has the following lines all centering in Binghamton, N. Y.: From Syracuse (Syracuse & Binghamton R. R.), from Utica (Utica & Chenango Valley R. R.), from New York and Scranton (N. Y. & Scranton R. R.), thence to Binghamton over the main line, and also from innumerable points along the branches. From Binghamton to Elmira take the Erie railway. Buy all tickets on the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western from the point you start to Binghamton. The Delaware, Lackawanna & Western company has also a branch from Ithaca to Owego and thence to Elmira by Erie railway.

The Delaware & Hudson Canal company will pass persons from any station on its road—from Schenectady, Rotterdam, Fort Edward, Montreal, Granville, Troy, Albany, &c., to Binghamton at *two-thirds* fare. From Binghamton to Elmira via Erie railway. From Albany to Binghamton the line is known as the Albany & Susquehanna railroad.

The proper way to secure the benefits of reduced rates is to pay the railroad company *full* fare from the station you start to Elmira when you go over the Erie railway, and to Binghamton if over the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western RR., or the Albany & Susquehanna railroad. Returning the Secretary of the convention will give you a certificate which will enable you to get a return ticket to the point you came from for *one-third* fare if over the Erie railway and *free* over the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western railroad. Over the Albany & Susquehanna railroad the return fare will be *one cent* per mile, which is at the rate of two-thirds fare for the round trip. New York parties have the choice of the Erie or the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western, with cheapness in favor of the latter.

Parties from Central and Northern New York, if they want to go and return cheap, should take the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western at either Syracuse or Utica. A person leaving Owego can travel through to Binghamton for about \$4, returning free, with round trip from Binghamton to Elmira \$2.40. Total fare from Owego to Elmira and return \$6.40.

Parties from Pennsylvania points reached by the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western railroad should take that line. From Philadelphia and other large points there are excursion rates to Elmira which parties can obtain by application at the railroad office. The Northern Central railroad is yet to be heard from, and if it offers special rates, announcement will be made at once. If Pennsylvania deaf-mutes will communicate with the Secretary, he will advise them properly. Grand excursion to

### WATKINS GLEN

on Thursday afternoon. Train leaves at 12:30 P. M., returning at 6 1/2 or 8 1/2 giving the excursionists six hours or more at the Glen. Tickets from Elmira to Watkins and return, including admission to the Glen, \$1.20. For sale by the Treasurer of the Association and other officers of the Convention.

Among the distinguished persons expected to be present are Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, Dr. I. L. Pect, Prof. Westervelt of the Western New York Institution, Rev. A. W. Mann of Ohio, Prof. Job Turner of Mass., and, if he arrives from Europe in time, Prof. Nelson of the Central New York Institution.

Let all who can, attend and have a pleasant and enjoyable time.

H. C. RIDER, Pres't  
F. L. SELINEY, Sec'y.

## WHAT AN OSWEGO SOLDIER DID.

We have a short story about a very naughty Oswego soldier named Chas. Welch, who becoming tired of the life of a "bould sojer boy," adopted a somewhat ingenious plan of getting rid of it. Having found a brakeman on the Oswego road who was willing to aid him in escaping, he exchanged clothing with him and went home, it is supposed, while the brakeman-soldier went to the army. Last evening this substitute, who calls himself Cornelius Welch, endeavored to "run the guard," as it is called, and when stopped threatened the life of the officer of the guard, Lieut. John Giller of the 8th New York, who with the aid of a brother officer, promptly escorted him to the police station, where he was locked up. It seems quite likely that both the deserter and his substitute will find that this kind of soldiering doesn't pay.—*Syracuse Standard.*

## SCARCELY AN INFIRMITY.

THE REMARKABLE EDUCATION OF A CHILD WHO WAS STRICKEN DEAF.

A good many years ago, when the accomplished daughter of a well known gentleman of this city was a little girl, she was taken ill with scarlet fever, and when she recovered was stone deaf. Fortunately the child, who possessed a remarkably sweet voice, had learned to talk before the attack, and the physician who attended her, finding that her sense of hearing had entirely gone, enjoined upon the mother the necessity of carefully keeping up the habit of speech, in order that it should not be totally lost. From that time out the mother devoted herself to the preservation of her daughter's voice, almost to the exclusion of everything else, and the successful issue of her undertaking has proved an ample reward for her labors. The young lady is now not only an accomplished member of society, but an excellent artist, well known among the painters of New York. Her education was so carefully attended to by her mother that she not only talks well, but understands everything that is said to her by simply watching the lips of her interlocutor. On one occasion an eminent clergyman of this city called to see her mother, and was received by the young lady. After some fifteen minutes the mother presented herself and the young lady retired. Presently the conversation turned up on the daughter, and the mother said something about her "infirmity." The clergyman, who had seen nothing to indicate any lack of perception in the young lady, and who had not noticed any physical defect, was surprised and asked what was meant. The mother then explained that her child was stone deaf. The clergyman was loath to believe it, and almost demanded further proof of the fact. The young lady was then called, and it was proven to his entire satisfaction that she could not understand a single word that was spoken unless she saw the motion of the lips which uttered it. Like the deaf girl described in Wilkie Collin's novel of "Hide and seek," she is singularly susceptible to any vibration of the timbers of the room or house in which she may be, and her mother has established a system of telegraphy with her by means of the doors and baluster, by which she can communicate with her throughout the whole house. By simply striking the baluster or door with the open hand her parents can apprise her that her presence is desired in a particular room or part of the premises, and by modifications of the raps can inform her of many of the minor affairs that are taking place. Although her father has a handsome competence, this young lady earns enough for her own support in the pursuit of her art.

But such cases as the above are rare, as it is not always that parents succeed so well, probably because they are not aware that the loss of the sense of hearing can be so happily remedied by careful and persistent teaching. In cases of partial deafness or diseases of the ear some very strange things occur. For instance, many people hear, or rather imagine they hear, sounds that are not audible to any one else. Indeed, to all intents and purposes, these imaginary sounds are to the person afflicted as real as any others. There is a well-known physician in this city who cannot bear to hear an organ, for if he does the sound rings in his ears for hours afterwards. Sometimes while going along the street he catches a few bars of a popular tune played by an organ-grinder, and for the rest of the day he carries them with him. These imaginary sounds are as various as those that are really heard or as numerous as the imagination can suggest. Some persons complain that they continually hear the hum of insects, birds singing, the noise of escaping steam or of machinery, and in some instances these sounds are so acute and so persistent as to almost drive the sufferers frantic. At the New York Ear Dispensary the surgeon in charge, Dr. Samuel Sexton, says that since the bathing season has set in it is a daily occurrence for patrons to present themselves suffering with inflammation brought on by the entrance of salt water into the ears while bathing. This, he says, could be avoided if the bathers would plug up their ears with wads of cotton wool before entering the water.—*N. Y. World.*

## A REMARKABLE CAT.

A remarkable cat has been discovered in St. Lawrence county. A correspondent of the *Journal* says: "You may state, if you choose, that we have a white Thomas cat in this neighborhood, belonging to no one in particular, that has forsaken the manner of cats and become a fisherman."

This cat does not hesitate to plunge into the river and catch a fish, and can be seen every morning, and at other times through the day, traveling along the river bank, jumping from stone to stone in the rapids, looking for fish, and when he gets his eyes on one, in he plunges, and seldom fails to bring out his game."

A swarm of bees escaped from a hive in a commune of the Aube, France, and established itself in a letter box. When the postman went to the box the next morning the bees rushed out of the slit and so blinded him that he could not insert his key. The bees had to be smoked out before the letters could be removed.

## LAUGHABLES.

To a hungry fly, a bald orchestra is an oasis.

General Grant has left Frankfort-on-the-Main.—Just where he found it.—*Worcester Press.*

The man who had a Frenchman to teach him the coronet, always referred to the instructor as his French tooter.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

"Why was Washington like a newspaper man?" The Norristown Herald has solved the conundrum. Answer: "Because he couldn't tell a lie."

Considering the large amount of "itch" in their names, the Russians are slow in coming up to the scratch.—*Norristown Herald.*

A young man who was stopping at an Oswego Hotel for some time, went off without paying his board-bill. His motto seems to have been, "Owe's we go."

Men carry loads of private opinion that would crush a Sampson, while public opinion as light as a feather, often breaks them down.—*Whitehall Times.*

It's amusing to listen to the resident of a village of 390 inhabitants remark that his wife had gone to the country to spend the summer.

Give us the watermelons of our fathers and the world will be happy. The melons of to-day are sadly lacking in interior finish.

A mosquito is a free-and-easy sort of a creature. He visits you at all hours of the night and generally makes himself to hum.

A stroke of lightning the other day tore a boy's boot all to pieces and didn't harm the boy. The reason was that he had placed the boot under a tree and gone in swimming.

The strike on James street yesterday morning was promptly quelled. The old lady marched upon the scene with a broom, and the boy took the saw and returned to work on the wood-pile at old rates.—*Rome Sentinel.*

A young Indian girl at Winona, Minn., stole the stencils used in marking the heads of flour barrels and ornamented her blanket with the words, "Ellsworth's Choice," and paraded the streets much to the disgust of Mr. Ellsworth, who is a bachelor.

According to an English law, while two persons may plan a conspiracy, at least three are required to create a riot.—(*Cincinnati Gazette.*) We didn't know that a riot could be created according to any law.—(*Boston Post.*) You are riot.—(*Philadelphia Bulletin.*)

Mr. Beecher says the clatter of childhood is music in his ears. If you happen by his house won't you just step in and ask him what time he finds following in the rear of that barrel stave that the small boy rakes across a picket fence.—*Fulton Times.*

The reckless man, thoughtless of the future and mindful only of the present, says, "To-morrow may never come," which may do well for him; but with a man who has a note to pay on which to-day is the last day of grace but one, to-morrow is pretty apt to loom up with a grand and awful probability.

This conversation took place not long ago between a maid-servant and little Sammy, a Hartford baby, four years old, who was visiting his grandmother in the country: Servant—"Oh, Sammy, you had child, you mustn't throw those cherry stones on this nice new carpet; it will make grandma mad." Sammy (continuing his fun) "Then muzzle her." Maid goes off into a premonitory spasm.—*Hartford Times.*

When the German government sowed that Cologne farm ten inches deep in tankard, saturated it with kerosene and fired it, the officials thought it would crisp the Colorado beetle; but the second day they were shocked to see him crawl out of the fire, climb up on the fence, wipe the beaded perspiration from his brow and remark to the nearest official: "Purty hot for comfort, stranger, but it is boss weather for corn."

## THE UPPERMOST THOUGHT.

(From *The Detroit Free Press.*)

A citizen who was driving a horse and carriage on the upper end of Woodward avenue yesterday morning wasn't satisfied with his horse's rate of speed, and while giving the animal a liberal dose of whip suddenly discovered that he was being run away with. A fore wheel was dashed by the curb stone and the man was thrown out. As he scrambled up he saw the horse and buggy flying down the avenue like a bird, and he cried out as he rubbed his bruised knee: "That's it—she's struck the gait now—now she's settled down to it! I'd give a thousand dollars if I had a stop watch here to time her!"

James Timney, a conductor on the Erie Railway, tells a story which is substantially as follows: On leaving Jersey City a day or two since he went on his usual round for the purpose of collecting his tickets. Among the passengers was a woman with a baby in her arms who refused to pay her fare. He allowed her to ride to Patterson, her ostensible destination. As the woman appeared to be a bit feeble, Conductor Timney took the baby so as she could alight with greater ease. Once in possession of the youngster, he notified the lady that before she got the precious creature back she would have to pay her fare. A very lively scene ensued, but Timney held out until he got his fare, it turning out that the woman had plenty of money with her.

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